

Health Talks

By John B. Huber, AMMD

A greater sense of responsibility in the home — this is what this nation calls for — Ellhu Root.

FEMININE HOBBIES
I have taken the liberty to hold out in this column to elderly gentlemen the pleasurable and life-prolonging value of hobbies, of which I have suggested some.

But should not elderly gentlemen also have hobbies? By all means, yes. They could write, or they could visit their son-in-law. I knew a very nice lady, who had married off her four daughters to four pretty good citizens, nothing extra, and none of them, of course, half good enough for the daughters; and her hobby was to visit each daughter once a year—three months at a time. And let me tell you, when the time came for her visit to each, every one of these beneficiaries would brace himself against a post at the railway station and nearly "burst into tears" because of her going.

This dear old lady got so chummy with those fellows, for instance, "Mother, should George smoke in the house?"

"Why, who am I to say what he should or shouldn't do in his own house. Let the dear man smoke and enjoy himself!"

Why, suddenly, would you expect him to play ping-pong with us here every evening?"

And she was so comfortable to take to the movies; amply filling her seat, going with her friends, for instance, viliyun threw the bondlind heroine into a forty-foot tank. (Insert: "For this relief much thanks,"); simply chortling with laughter over the slapstick stuff. So handy to stay at home and look at the screen, what her daughter wanted to perform the

larger duty of attending the meeting of the society (to which she belonged) for the extinction of worthless Males. And, while she sat in the rocking chair by the fireside and kept knitting a nice sweater for his deserving self, the fourth fortunate would make a touch as follows: "You see, Mary and I are negotiating for a lovely little summer bungalow up around Squedunk way; we are short just a couple of hundred," and he is interrupted with: "Say no more, son; I've got you. Call up the agent right now so as not to lose what you want." This dear lady would never fit into the following joke: "Dear Doctor, my mother-in-law was at death's door; and one bottle of your medicine pulled her through." But it is a fine thing to cultivate the mother-in-law or any other hobby so as to make a success at it, an all-around success. There are today many hobbies for women. Most of them started in this twentieth century. The most exacting woman cannot fail to find one of her liking. Of them all, the only one I would care to recommend is for the elderly lady to be just herself, subconsciously so, to make her personal influence for good felt upon her neighbors and her neighborhood.

Tomorrow—A Hobby Worth While

All inquiries addressed to Dr. Huber, of the "Health Talks" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however. So if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question. The Editor.

NEW, TRUE AND NO LOVE

"Sweet, So Sweet"

The \$7,000,000 Coffee King's widow, who recently married Joseph Schwarz, opera baritone, told an enraptured interviewer that "Last love, I think, may be the more beautiful of the two—" having been asked to judge between first and last love, she having had three husbands. "Last love is chosen more wisely." And, she says, theirs was a romance.

Considering that her father left her an Hawaiian sugar fortune, while her second husband left her that \$7,000,000 "sugar," and her new husband is full of sweet music, wouldn't you say "pretty sweet for her?"

She Had a Crush!

Mrs. Ruth Harris, suing Pauline Lord, the actress for \$20,000, charging she alienated the affection of husband, Mitchell Harris, offered in evidence letters alleged to have been written by the defendant. One baby-talk missive inquires of the man: "Is you my pie?"

The answer should be: "Is you got dough?"

Love? What? What? Two illuminating experts declare that poorly-chosen house lights have broken up homes and blighted loves. This assertion is based on psychological light tests of 2,000 persons. The idea is: Tired business man after hard day, irritated by harsh library or dining-room light, notes by pitiless glass that wife is not so young or attractive as she used to be.

Crash! goes home. If you don't install lights shaded properly to imitate moon glow, or stick to "the light that lies in women's eyes."

Cupid's Arrow Tips

The high cost of loving has invaded Darkest Africa, announced Sir Thomas Dewar at a London gathering. He said "In the Sudan a wife cost four spearsheads—before the war, now a wife costs eight spearsheads."

A sharp advance in the market, you'd say, and several good points in a wife's favor.

Can't Make Match Stick

Naming two correspondents in her suit for divorce, Mrs. Ethel Eddy

called her husband, Eern Eddy, "a living Judas." One of the women named as correspondents furnished the wife with an affidavit setting forth that Hubby had made love away from home. Eddy inherited a fortune from his grandfather, a match manufacturer of Hull, Canada.

The wife seemed to think their match was not made in Heaven, but in—uh—Hull.

Lorelei Busy

Love is another line that the busy Germans are now speeding up. Apparently the stipulations forbidding retaining weapons failed to reach the winged boy with the bow-and-arrows. Anyhow, annual report announces that the Prussian marriage rate has doubled since the year before the war.

After that war, nothing scares some men.

May Become Church Belle

Judge Haas of South Chicago, Ill., denounced nineteen-year-old Tillie Buchanan as a vamp and sentenced her to attend church all services, for six months. Also to join in congregational singing. If she forgets the words, can she vamp?

Anyhow, after six months of sermons about Judah, Jacob, Shob's Queen and other solid sires, perhaps Tillie's life will be revamped.

Love and Law

Plaintiff counsel in a case decided for the defendant in the Superior Court, Spokane, Wash., has applied for a new trial alleging that the jury foreman sent "mask notes" to an 18-year-old girl witness for the defense.

If love makes the world go around, it certainly ought to be able to reverse a trial.

The Older, the Easier

The Hungarian government, at this session of the National Assembly, advocated a new electoral law depriving women under thirty of the vote because they are "romantically inclined" in favor of the deposed sovereigns.

A good movie title could be made of "Hungary Hearts," but where do these solemn statements get the idea that women over thirty are not "romantically inclined?"

To Make You Smile

Head, He Loses

Husband: "Where is my hat?"
Wife: "On the wringer, dear."
Husband: "What! on the wringer?"
Wife: "What! on the wringer?"
Husband: "What! on the wringer?"
Wife: "What! on the wringer?"

Got His Wish

"And you tell me several men proposed marriage to you?" he said, savagely.
"Yes; several," the wife replied.
"Well, I only wish you had married the first fool who proposed."

Be Specific

Doctor: "It's a boy, professor."

Absent-Minded Professor (looking up from his work): "What is?"

She Pools 'Em

"And also, Geraldine, I hope that no young men ever kiss you by surprise."
"No, mother, they only think they do."

Light Wanted

Willie: "Mamma, when the fire goes out where does it go?"
Mrs. Gayboy: "I don't know. You might just as well ask me where your father goes when he goes out."

Sounds Like It

Johnnie: "Sry, mamma, was Baby sent down from heaven?"
Mother: "Why, yes."
Johnnie: "Um. They like to have it quiet up there, don't they?"

Playing Safe

He (cautiously): "Would you say 'Yes' if I asked you to marry me?"
She (still more cautiously): "Would you ask me to marry you if I said I would say 'Yes' if you asked me to marry you?"

Too Much Footage

Movie Director: "The lion pursues you for 500 feet. No more than that. See what I mean?"
Hollywood Harold: "Yes, I understand, but does the lion?"

BEAUTY CHATS

DIET MENUS IN HOTELS

A New York hotel is trying an experiment so important that I wish every hotel in the country would follow its example. It compiles every day a special menu card on which several different diets are listed.

Diet No. 1 is for those suffering from intestinal irregularities.

Diet No. 2 is for fat people and contains only thinning foods.

Diet No. 3 is for diabetes.

Hypertension and such troubles are catered for by Diet 4.

Diet No. 5 is for colitis, malnutrition, underweight people and convalescents.

Being of simple, easily digestible, nourishing foods this is also particularly recommended for children.

Diet No. 6 is for arterio-sclerosis, high blood pressure, faulty kidneys, or for those of advanced age or for those who have angina-pectoris.

Diet No. 7 is for those suffering from rheumatism, gout or neuritis.

Each menu varies with every meal, and each is scientifically compiled by a diet specialist.

If the guest knows the number of the class he falls under, all he need do is whisper to the waiter that he wants diet number—so and so.

Bessie:—After massaging the chin, a simple treatment can be used to close the pores and harden the skin. This may be done by dashing cold water over the chin and neck, followed up by gentle friction from a coarse towel, or just an ice rub, until the skin glows. Which is another mild astringent. A powerful astringent is made from one part white of the egg to six parts water. This is painted over the skin and retained for 20 minutes while it contracts the pores.

Mrs. S:—If you send me a stamped addressed envelope, I shall be glad to mail you a diet chart as there is not space to publish such a list of foods at this time.

B. I. A.—After the pores have become distended, it takes a long time to get any permanent results in contracting them. Professional treatments will hasten this improvement, but you can help yourself with it if you always close the pores after bathing, by dashing very cold water over the face and throat.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Foulke, care of the "Beauty Chats" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number received. So if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question.—The Editor.

THE GOLDEN GIRL

By PAULINE LORAYNE

THE ROMANTIC STRAIN OF THE CAMERONS

"Mother," said Ilona as she sipped her coffee thoughtfully, after her mother's speech concerning Jimmie Warburton. "Does Truda love Mr. Warburton?"

Mrs. Cameron was slightly taken back at this frank question. She looked across at her husband despairingly, as much as to say, "What on earth are we going to do, you and I, with this young daughter of ours?"

Even the resourceful Henry had to scratch his head to rub his nose thoughtfully several times before answering. It was not nearly so easy to bring up a girl like Ilona as it had been Truda. Clearing his throat he smiled at his wife, as he turned to Ilona and assured her that Truda had a great deal of respect for Mr. Warburton and that was a good deal, in these days.

"Respect? But no love?" she queried once more, with a world of wonder in her voice and eyes.

"Well, my dear, that is something for you to find out from your sister, herself. How should I know for certain Truda's true feelings towards Mr. Warburton. That's for you two girls and your mother to buzz about. Besides, girls now a days are not like they were in my time. There's no keeping up with their vagaries. You'll soon find that out. Now your mother, there, and I married for love, pure and simple, the old-fashioned way, which is now becoming a mellow memory only, I fear."

"Gracious, yes, your father and I eloped. Ran away, right under our parents' noses, so

to speak and with a posse standing guard round the house, at that, my dear." Mrs. Cameron assured her, with a look of pride in her husband's direction and a wild rose blush creeping into her cheeks, as she remembered.

"And there weren't any automobiles in those days, either, as you know. We had to leg it to the nearest parson," he explained proudly. "And your mother, known for as wide a heart as the thinnest feet in the county, my dear! And ten miles to be covered in the dark and dodging pursuers, too." Henry Gay was now scratching at his head, as he thought of the predicament of long ago as he told it to his children.

"Is it any wonder that your son is romantic and fond of gypsies, sir?" asked Mrs. Cameron sternly, as she, too, wiped away a tear, and smiled as she remembered.

"Or that one of our daughters, at least, is bound to marry for love?" said he, in reply. "With such a romantic mother as an example. Who carried you all the way to the parson's? Tell them that, and let them know the worst, do," he finished, with a chuckle of joy.

"Quite true, my dears, that incorrigible man carried me every step of those ten miles. That's why I'm here today," said Mrs. Cameron, with another proud glance at the man who had won her.

"Isn't it just grand to hear about such things as that?" said the excited Henry Gay, Jr., as he looked across to where his father, now a gray Lothario in his young eyes, was smiling and coughing.

(To Be Continued)

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By B. I. A.

"FARMER BOY" POET ARRIVES
Julia A. Moore was the "sweet singer of Michigan." William Price is the "farmer boy" poet of New York in the daytime and night clerk at the Hotel Algonquin nights.

Like the redoubtable Art Moss, William Price has never taken a lesson in his life and refuses to do so, which is now becoming a mellow memory only, I fear.

"Gracious, yes, your father and I eloped. Ran away, right under our parents' noses, so

of all the many sayings you hear throughout the year There's one particular greeting that you will often hear.

"Ts used alike by young and old, and folks of every nature. This frequent salutation, "Good-bye, I'll see you later."

You hear it on and off the streets. You hear it near and far. On crowded thoroughfares, the rumbling trolley car.

Around clubroom and race course, hotel or home. These parting words are ever thus, "Good-bye, I'll see you later."

Please pardon rude expression, but this I do declare Will be our last fond greeting when we climb the golden stair.

Free from this world of sinning and with the undertaker It's one best bet you'll hear us say, "Good-bye, I'll see you later."

Another lively dead one. Headline in New York paper says: "Wife Tells How Dead Man Once Shot Her."

Woman bandit robs chauffeur of taxicab and got \$11. The chauffeur had only that small amount because he had made only one trip.

As for us, we get our weather quick enough without grabbing it by wire- less.

Yes, and I know a couple more Just like her.

Dear Roy—Did you ever hear of the girl named Belle Hoppe? They call her dumbbell for short. Well, sir, she thinks the "Loves of Pharaoh" is a gambling game. Trotzky is a throat lozenge. Earl Carroll is a brother of Easter Carol. Lily Cup is a movie queen. Ellhu Root is an old-fashioned cough medicine. Lloyd George and By George are twins. Cabot Lodge is a secret society. Burns Mantle is used on a gas jet, and that colored Easter eggs are grown on egg plants and always gets radio mixed with radium. Verily, she gets the frost-bitten moth-ball.—Bill Netch.

Vincent Astor will travel in an aerial limousine, which probably is one

Bringing Up the Baby on a Bottle.



This baby seal was only four days old when the photograph was taken. It was hungry, nevertheless! And so Miss Mildred Owens, of San Francisco, and the young seal were permitted to take a museum just opposite the seal rocks of the Great Highway, San Francisco. He contemplates a vaudeville tour.

French Boheme Passes Out!

Paris, April 6—Boheme, the land of Mimi, Trilby and Svengali, of poor painters and sculptors, of threadbare students and poets is no more. Devastated by war, it takes its place with Rheims and Chateau Thierry among the ruins of a land that was. Boheme has become a tradition.

The joyous student of the Latin Quarter, with a bottle of wine in one hand and his sweetheart held by the other has become a myth. The students are still there, in smaller numbers, to be sure, but they are no longer joyous. They no longer sing; they seldom laugh. They are serious, tense, strained, counting the fictional French coin which has disappeared since the war, the centime.

L'Oeuvre urges that the government subsidize the universities to give the students enough money on which to live. The number of students is diminishing daily. The Romanians, Czechs, Serbs, Polish and South Americans, who formerly came to Paris for their education, are rapidly disappearing. Many are going to the German universities, where the cost of living is said to be from one-half to one-tenth the price of Paris.

American art students who wish to complete their studies in Paris would do well to investigate the cost of living today rather than ask the advice of the graduates of Paris of other years. The figures published in the Review of the University of Paris indicate that the life of a student at this school costs at least \$1,000 a year.

The days when the students lived on \$30 to \$50 a month are gone, it seems, forever.

Transposed into dollars at the current rate of exchange, the bare necessities for the student are about as follows, according to the review:

Room, ten months, at \$13.... \$130.00
Laundry, ten months, at \$2.... 20.00
Breakfast (cup of coffee), \$1.50 a month..... 15.00

Lunch and dinner at university subsidized restaurant, drinking water, but no wine,

60 cents daily..... 180.00

Street car fare \$1.50 a month..... 15.00

Three suits each two years.... 50.00

Overcoat..... 30.00

Pair shoes and repairing.... 15.00

Shirts and underwear.... 20.00

Hat..... 4.00

University fees..... 25.00

Books..... 25.00

Newspapers, postage, stationery..... 10.00

Dues University Association... 2.50

Total..... \$541.50

Work Is One Remedy

To this estimate of the cheapest grade of the bare necessities must be added railroad fare and other expenses. The student mustn't smoke, may never take a glass of wine or beer, never go to a theatre or movie, not be sick or pay doctor's fees—in a word, he must live a hermit's life in Paris, which is, to say the least, improbable if not impossible.

To combat the H. C. I. students have been forced to abandon the carefree camaraderie of Bohemian life and imitate their American cousins in an effort to work their way through the university.

Student self-help has been assisted by the eight-hour law, which in many other respects has done so much to damage French reconstruction and delay return to normal. In older days a student would not have been able to have secured work, because the employer would have insisted upon a 16 to 12-hour day. Today the employer who even permits his employees to work longer than eight hours is in danger of being punished by the courts.

Musicians, waiters, stenographers, artists are spending their spare time completing their university courses.

University Not Sympathetic
The Paris University, however, has not yet developed the sympathy for the self-supporting students which is found in America, and the faculty is said to frown upon the people who don't devote their entire time to the

"PERFECT GIRL" IS U. S. EMPLOYEE, STAR SWIMMER



Miss Elizabeth Smith in diving pose.

"The most perfect girl" has been found working in the state department at Washington. Very likely Charles E. Hughes and doubtless a dozen or more other dignitaries have never suspected that the unassuming Miss Elizabeth B. Smith they have in the Russian bureau is one and the same with "Peggy" Smith, champion swimmer and diver.

school. As a result many students are able to take only part-time work. This is especially disheartening to those who already have been sent back five years by the war in getting into work in their life profession. The schools are filled with embryo doctors and lawyers 23 to 30 years of age.

L'Oeuvre demands that the government give some attention to the number of candidates in the medical and law schools. Unless some assistance is given the future may see a dangerous lack of representatives of these two professions in French life. For the law course takes five and the medical college seven years. And there are comparatively few French families today who can face the outlay of from \$4,000 to \$7,000 to give their sons a professional education.

WAR HORSES ARE HONORED.

Of 243,135 horses and mules with the American forces during the war, 65,682 perished. A bronze tablet in memory of the services of these, our four-footed defenders, was recently unveiled in the State, War and Navy Building.

HEART AND HOME PROBLEMS

By MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I used a cream which brought a growth of hair on my face, which annoys me greatly. It is especially thick around my lower and upper lips. Will the hair increase if I keep on using the cream? Would you advise me to stop?

Is there anything that will decrease the growth? I had a fine complexion, but now I keep thinking of the hair all the time.

CONSTANT READER.
Stop using the cream. If it started the hair to grow in the first place it would naturally stimulate and increase the growth by further application.

Apply peroxide of hydrogen to the hair every night before retiring. This will bleach it and make it scarcely noticeable. The peroxide will also tend to dry the hair and decrease its growth.

"E. G.": You should not have invited the boy to come back in. His conduct was decidedly childish. Do not apologize. If he sees his mistake, however, and wants to come back, there is no reason why you should not let him.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am very much worried. I want to go with boys, but my parents object. I am 15 years old. My beau comes to my window and I jump out and go to dances with him. I have such a hard time at home. I never can go anywhere unless I slip off and go. What can I do? WORRIED.

Obeys your parents and stop going out with boys secretly. At the age of 15 you are too young to attend dances with boys.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Is it proper for a young man to carry a handkerchief when dancing with a lady to prevent soiling her dress? H. I. R.

A man should carry a handkerchief when dancing with a lady so that he will not soil her dress. Only too often this courtesy is neglected and the lady returns from the dance with a beautiful evening dress shamefully soiled.

"Heart sick": I would advise you to go to the judge of the court of probate and ask his advice. Whatever you decide should be with the help of a legal advisor so that your husband will not be relieved of his responsibility and you left with the children to support. If the children were older it would seem advisable to tell your husband to leave and to support yourself and the girls by keeping boarders or sewing.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: What should a girl say when a young man leaves and says, I enjoyed being with you. Will you please advise me what to say? BLUE EYES.

Say that you also enjoyed the evening, and ask the young man to come again.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I saw a request for a cure for warts in the paper and so I am sending a simple remedy I used. Many years ago when I was a school girl I had what some one told me was a seed wart (a large one with several small ones around it). I used the common school crayon (white) and completely cured it. Rub the chalk on so the wart is well covered. Have a piece handy to renew when it gets washed off. It is certainly the most harmless and simple remedy I know of and I can vouch for the effectiveness. S. E. W.

You were very kind to write to me about your wart remedy and I am sure the result of your thoughtfulness will reach far and help many. Your cure is certainly simple. Thank you for sending this advice.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

By MRS. MORTON

MENU HINT

Breakfast

Baked Apples Cereal and Cream

Buckwheat Cakes and Sausages

Tea Coffee

Luncheon

Corn Chowder

Brown Bread Sandwiches

Indian Pudding

Dinner

Swiss Steak

Buttered Parsnips

Lettuce or Endive Salad

Apple Custard Coffee

Recipes for the Day